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HUMOROUS WEEKLY

**Puck**

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DIogenes CONKLING FINDS HIS HONEST MAN.



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## CONKLING ABROAD AND AT HOME.

THE great New York Senator, he of the ambrosial locks and Hyperion's curls, the eloquent supporter of the Electoral Commission Bill, has been to Europe. He doesn't like Europe. We don't blame him for that. America is good enough for us in every respect; but if a three weeks' run round London and Paris renders even a massive intellect like Conkling's competent to judge of Europe and its institutions—he is a much more wonderful man than we took him for. That our British cousins are a long way behind us in many things cannot be denied. They have a Queen, a Court, a House of Lords, who by hereditary right have an influence on legislation for free-born Englishmen. They buy and sell church livery. They can't keep hotels; they scarcely know what ice-water is; clam-bakes they are innocent of. To ask for a glass of lager in London would make the pretty barmaid say: "A' done now, don't be 'umbugging." Pullman cars are not common, nor are peanuts. The bootblacks rarely shout "shine," and we don't think buckwheat cakes, green corn, root-beer, or Boston baked beans, could be obtained for love or money. It is also a melancholy fact that about half the land is in the hands of two or three hundred bloated aristocrats, while it is too true that trade is depressed, and that mechanics and the laboring classes do not get high wages.

Now, what a contrast to our glorious country, where one can not only get all these things, but a great many more, too! Here we have no Dukes of Sutherland and Buccleuch, or Marquesses of Westminster and Bute, but a Tom Scott, a Garrett, and a Vanderbilt, who may perhaps exercise as much influence as the English noble land monopolists. Besides we have, and have had, many specialities in which Great Britain is singularly deficient. She hasn't a cabinet minister who traffics in post-trader-ships. She hasn't an army ring, or an Indian ring, or a credit mobilier scandal, or a navy ring. Nor does this effete monarchy possess a civil service, the prizes in which are allotted as rewards for miserably partisan political services, regardless of the competency of the incumbent. We can also enter into favorable competition with Great Britain in the matter of the administration of justice. While we elect our judges, who are nothing if not politicians, and amuse ourselves by impeaching one or two occasionally, she appoints hers, and charges against any one of them is an almost unheard-of thing. But this is a free country—so free that a goodly number of people who have money enough to ignore the law do so comfortably. Senator Conkling is proud of his State—so he ought to be; but is he proud of Senator John Morrissey, for instance, who sells pools and keeps "a club?" But perhaps the law makes an exception in favor of such a nice, enterprising influential man. As Mr. Conkling saw so much, he ought to tell us if Mr. Bright, or the Lord Mayor, or any of the alderman of the city

of London follow in Morrissey's footsteps, and, at the same time, to let us know what length of residence in a country is necessary to enable an intellectual Senator to express decided opinions on its institutions.

At all events, whatever Senator Conkling's experiences may have been, there can be no doubt that his trip abroad has awakened in his noble bosom a sudden and warm appreciation of our German fellow-citizens. He has grown emphatic, yea almost extravagant in their praise. But did he need go abroad to discover the virtues of Germany? Couldn't he have found them at home? Isn't Hoboken teeming with Teutonic loveliness—and in New York city, do not the ways of Greenwich street lead to untarnished German rectitude, where our modern Diogenes can go his ancient prototype several better and find more than one honest man?

But the Greek philosopher got ahead of his modern disciple this way: he didn't want any votes when he found his honest man. Our American Diogenes does—by a large majority.

## THE "BIG INJUN" FIGHTER.

WHEN General O. O. Howard girds up his loins for battle, unsheathes his mighty blade, and puts on his war-paint, there is rejoicing in the camp of the Nez Percés. For the great pale-face warrior is a terror only in the limited circle of the Freedmen's Bank. There, indeed, he fulfills his mission as a Christian Statesman, and the average freedman feels qualmish at the mere mention of his name.

But as an Indian fighter General O. O. Howard is what the theatrical people would call a "duffer." He goes through the war-like preparations above-mentioned; he raises his eyes to heaven and appeals to the God of Battles, and, then, as a dilapidated stove-pipe hat appears above the horizon, and some one suggests that it may cover the head of a drunken half-breed, the representative of the military power of the United States folds up his tents and steals away with even more elegance and precision than characterized his performance of a similar feat in Washington, a few years ago.

It is perfectly true that this is not what General Howard was sent to the west for. There were several objects in getting him into that region, but this was not one of them. It was desired that his original and unconventional financial policy should have free scope. It was hoped that by some unexpected chance he might be beguiled into a fight with an Indian, and that the Indian might be a healthy one. But the awful possibility of the General striking for the settlements at this early date was not contemplated, and it is satisfactory to know that the Government has refused with decision to withdraw the doughty hero from his present field of operations.

And now when the death-cry of "Extermination!" rings from the adjacent hills, the truculent redskin jumps into the air, exclaims: "You don't say so!" in Nez Percian, sharpens his tomahawk with a keener relish, and proceeds to slaughter his exterminators with a vigor that is perfectly delightful.

"THIS may seem a work of supererogation," he remarked, as he toddled down to the front gate, and commenced operations on the hinges with a feather and a bottle of oil, "but the critical period is approaching when a young man has to be handled very delicately, and just the least leetle bit of a set-back may throw things. The smallest creak might be disastrous; and this gate's got to stand for two girls more besides Imogene."

## Puckerings.

INDIANS do not kiss, and the gay and festive yum-yum resoundeth not from the hills, when the noble red man wooeth his young bride on a swinging gate in the moonlight.

It may be a too fanciful reflection, but it strikes us that the undertaker, when he gets to heaven himself, must be received rather coolly, as it were, by the assembled company.

"Bounce to Bulgaria, mighty monstrosity!"  
 Cries the Jerseyman warding the Skeeter off,  
 "Go and set up for a first class atrocity—  
 Ishmalokrishnivareeteroff!"

WHEN a man in California sustains a severe domestic affliction, such as the loss of a wife or a child, and needs balm for his stricken soul, he knocks the life out of a Chinaman, and bears up against earthly woes with becoming fortitude.

FIFTY-FIVE thousand men in Ohio in moments of misguided virtue signed the temperance pledge, and now the agony these fifty-five thousand endure, every time they pass a painted schooner of beer with a big 5 in the middle of it, is beyond all paragraphic utterance.

If there is one thing of most ineffable grandeur in all the vast realm of nature, it is the look of lofty scorn which mantles the brow of the noble tramp, as he remarks: "Baker's bread, by Jingo! When will all-conquering science teach these groveling plebeians that borax is bad for the stomach of the true aristocrat?" And then he chucks it under a hedge.

WHERE is Gail Hamilton? Has she fled to some verdant isle of far Cathay where, stretched upon the shining sands, her brow bared to the spice-laden breeze and her feet dabbling in the pellucid waters of the auriferous rivulet, she toys with the sheeny snakes that hide amid the clustering vines, and echoes back the call of the variegated paroquet? Or is she up in the garret writing another buster?

THE course of true love never did run smooth, and we don't suppose there is any use trying to make it; but if the troubled waters of a man's affections are to have oil of vitriol poured over them, as happened to the lover of the widow Gras in Paris, the blind god ought to be put to bed with a mustard-plaster, and not allowed to get up again until he knows how to behave himself.

DIVESTED of your duster, and travel-stained and choked with coal-dust, how inexpressibly delightful it is, after you've registered at a fashionable summer-hotel, and have been shown to your room by the nigger bell-boy, to have him, unprovoked, commence to play the devil's tattoo on you with a whisk. For the time being, the fifteenth amendment seems an egregious failure.

AND now Summer bears on her broad and bounteous breast the infant Autumn, and watches her own life fading as the child waxes strong and lusty. And the gentlemanly ushaire, with centrally-parted hair, emerges from his Summer retirement and practices before the mirror to regain the professional bland air as he remarks: "Eighteenth seat down that row, sir, right next to the old lady with the spectacles and the apple!"

## DANA, THE LOVER'S FRIEND.

WE frequently receive communications of the same tenor as the following letter; communications which we have from time to time endeavored to answer to the best of our ability. But we have always—partly from natural diffidence, partly from an extreme reverence for the learning and insight of our distinguished contemporary, referred the anxious students of love's etiquette to the one great and unimpeachable authority on such subjects—Mr. Charles A. Dana, editor of the *New York Sun*.

There is certainly no man in the country—presumably none in the world—who has given to these matters such a vast amount of profound study, or who is by nature so wonderfully well fitted for the delicate tasks of an *arbiter amoris*. Mr. Dana is a man of quick, warm and catholic sympathies, and a keen and unswerving sense of justice. His is not a mind biased by petty prejudices. The lofty superiority to mere partisan affiliations shown in the daily conduct of his paper, is characteristic of the man. And, perhaps, the most beautiful trait in his composition is high sense of the sacredness of personal reputation. To him the man who smirches another's character, the slanderer, the gossip-monger, are creatures abhorrent and beneath contempt. It is such a rare spirit as this, "free from self-seeking, envy, low design," that is best fitted to raise the veil of nature, and gaze with reverent eyes upon the tender psychic mysteries of nascent love.

Let the gentle maiden, blushing in secret at the first sweet revelations of her awakened heart, the innocent youth, burning with a strange and indefinable longing for a dearer and purer companionship than he has yet known—let them turn for sympathy and for counsel to Dana—Dana, the Lover's Friend.

Our admiration for Mr. Dana has betrayed us into this extended eulogy, and we cannot return to our original subject without bearing testimony to the marvelous skill and experience of the Lover's Friend. His qualifications cannot be doubted when we call to mind that it was he who engineered an *affaire du cœur* for Miss Susan B. Anthony, in the palmy days of ancient Egypt. His reply to the letter of Osirtesen I., inquiring "ought I to propose now, or shall I wait another century?" is one of the brightest glories of advisory journalism.

But we digress. The letter we reprint is but one of many of the same character. We print it merely as a sample—we are bound to say, a favorable sample—and to give us an opportunity of referring such cases, once for all, to the only true and reliable umpire.

NEW YORK, August 15, 1877.

Dear Puck:

Being a reader of your splendid paper, and having noticed the kind way in which you answer questions of "anxious," I would feel very grateful if you could give me a little sound advice about what I consider—if you have been in the same place you ought to know what it is—a very important matter. I have the honor of knowing a young lady in this city who is sweeter than the sweetest, etc.—and, as might be expected, I take particular pains to pass her house as often as I can, in order that I may be invited to share the "stoop" with her (she is always on the stoop on fine evenings). Of course I do not refuse. Now, what I want to know is: what must I do when, about 10 o'clock, I hear a screech from up-stairs—"Mary, it's ten o'clock, and you must come in!" This is as regular as clock-work. Just as soon as I begin to be a little sentimental, and when unconsciously my arm begins to wander in the regions of her waist, that fearful cry comes from up-stairs. I cannot be sentimental any earlier, as it takes me from 8 till 10 to get worked up to the proper pitch—and, of course, mama must be obeyed.

Yours anxiously,

HARRY H. BROWN.

Now, you see, this is just where the Dana comes in.

Suppose we were left to follow the dictates of our own unregulated judgment—into what depths of error might we not lead this perplexed but well-meaning young man! Left to our own devices, we should probably tell him to do various things which he ought not to do, and which would be bad for him every way.

We might tell him that, when next that familiar refrain "Mary come in!" fell upon his ear, he should face up to the window and call back, in tones half pleading, half defiant:

"Mayn't I come in with Mary, too?"

And this might unduly precipitate matters.

Or we might tell him to chew cloves, or brace up his spinal-column with porous plasters, or in some other way tone up his system to the squeezing point, so as to get some of his fine work in before ten o'clock.

And this might not be the right thing, either. But, fortunately, the decision does not rest with us.

Mr. Brown, go to Mr. Dana. It is true that of late he has fallen off an appreciable shade from his usual high standard. It is true that he has on one or two occasions rather dodged the subject—or, at least given answers that, in a lesser man, would indicate a desire to dodge the subject. It cannot be denied, for instance, that when a young woman asked, "What shall I do with my sister, who has been to Vassar, and won't wash the dishes?" he replied only by giving a diagnosis of the character of the Vassar graduate; very interesting, of course, and showing wonderful powers of æsthetic analysis, but not entirely filling the demands of the case. But these are no more than temporary obscurations of a wondrous light—spots on the sun, as it were. Let Mr. Dana but receive a few such inspiring letters as Mr. Brown's, and he will resume his native vigor of utterance. Let him have but a few such knotty problems to wrestle with, and his right hand will regain its cunning.

There is but one word for all who doubt as Mr. Brown doubts, one counsel for all who would question the oracle of love, who would know the will of Eros, and the etiquette of high-stoop courtship—Go to Mr. Dana—Dana, the Lover's Friend.

## PUCK'S PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE.

BY OUR OWN HERALD.

J. O'DONOVAN ROSSA, the Irish patriot, has given up his hotel. The boarders gave it up some time ago.

GENERAL BANKS is not the father of Zebedee's children. He says indignantly he doesn't know Zebedee, and he doesn't want to.

CARL SCHURZ didn't travel for money. That's where Carl Schurz isn't like us. Show us where the money is, and see how fast we will travel for it.

MR. REWEY, of the Worcester *Press*, is waking up. He is flinging out jokes with a snap and vigor that keeps apace with the times, and a great deal more so.

LORD DUFFERIN regretted his inability to attend the Bennington celebration; and the glamour of the affair was dimmed by the absence of his British aristocracy.

GEO. EDGAR MONTGOMERY, the poet, has written a poem called "The Song of Hope." It is a divine inspiration. It should be called "A Song of Soap"—for cleanliness is next to godliness.

## A POSTAL ROMANCE.

SHE'D reached the letter-box, and raising  
The lid, with dainty hand let fall  
Her missive, while I, mutely gazing  
From t'other side, observed it all;  
I watched her sweetly soft demeanor,  
The tender look she gave the note,  
And, oh, if you had only seen her,  
You'd envied him to whom she wrote.

I must admit, from my position,  
I scarce could look into her face,  
But, ah, I knew from intuition  
It must have teemed with gentle grace;  
For she had such a charming carriage—  
(That is, regarded from the rear,)—  
It made me think of love and marriage,  
And other kindred things as queer.

So still I stood when she'd departed,  
In silent meditation lost,  
And wondering what fond hopes she started,  
With dotted i's and t's all crossed,  
I mused, if e'er so fair a writer  
To me such sweet epistle sent,  
My life would instantly grow brighter,  
My soul be steeped in sentiment.

At last I sauntered off to dinner,  
With thoughts of help-meets, homes and hearts,  
And pictured, as a late beginner,  
Myself at school in Cupid's arts—  
Could but the mailing of that letter  
Set all these foolish fancies free?  
Ah, love is bound with filmy fetter  
When love consents—By Jove! who's she?

That very form!—once more behind it,  
I recognized its classic grace;  
Away with scruples! She'll not mind it;  
I must, I will behold her face.  
Perhaps a word, discreetly spoken,  
A simple sign or nod, may stir  
Her sweet affection to give token;  
By all that's true, I'll speak to her.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Why, I declare! No!? Really!? Gracious!  
Who'd thought of seeing you to-day!  
Why, how d'you do?" in tones vivacious  
She spoke; it took my breath away.  
And then—a plague on all romances—  
(Thou know'st the cause, my soul, the cause!)  
I winced beneath her winsome glances,  
And asked her how her husband was.

"How odd to-day that I should write you;  
I never hoped to meet you so;  
My husband asked me to invite you  
To go with us to Pamrapo,  
And I have just dropped in the letter;  
So say you'll come. How nice—we three!"  
I stopped; I almost reeled. What better  
Could I have done? That note for me!

I stammered "Thank you", for my answer,  
I took her hand and then I left,  
The veriest undecieved romancer  
That ever was of hope bereft.

\* \* \* \* \*

I got the letter in due season,  
I read it o'er my glass of wine;  
For bliss I now had ample reason—  
That note was mine! Mine only, mine!

But, ah, how Fate enjoys a caper,  
The one fond wish of all my life:  
A lady's note (on scented paper)  
I had it—from another's wife.  
I looked half-sad at the direction,  
With drops of wine now stained and damp,  
And sighed o'er Fancy's recollection—  
And o'er that wasted postage-stamp.

SYDNEY ROSENFELD.



## A GROWING EVIL.

IT is impossible for me to reflect upon the vast amount of misery that popular instrument, the piano, is capable of inflicting upon poor humanity without being inexpressibly shocked. Left to itself, it is inoffensive enough; but subjected to the corrupting influences of an effete civilization, it has developed into a wretched, vacillating creature, in which good and evil tendencies are blended in equal proportions. The very same piano which one evening has responded to the touch of dainty fingers, wooing it to the utterance of the sweet harmonies in "The Moonlight Sonata," I have heard, twenty-four hours later, debase itself by aiding Professor Snooks, "the talented pianist and gifted composer," in the exposition of his own *fantaisie brillante*, expressive of rain-drops pattering on a tin dipper. Must we not shudder when we consider that the piano, which in its better moments may rise to the level of Beethoven, or Bach, or Schubert, is capable of sinking to those degrading depths where "The Mulligan Guards," "Tommy Make Room for Your Uncle" and "The Maiden's Prayer" are but the beginning of the most appalling musical iniquities? And yet they tell us that the labors of such earnest workers as Moody and Sankey, and Talmadge and the *Witness* bear ample fruit.

Let it be remembered, however, that the piano is not alone to blame. A fearful responsibility rests upon those who lead it from the paths of virtue, or willfully devote it to the torture of their fellow men, and no other musical instrument is so well adapted to fiendish uses. It is rapidly growing to be the chief enemy of mankind, the destroyer of domestic happiness, the missionary of the arch-fiend himself. In this respect it outranks even the hand-organ, which, manipulated by disguised Italian noblemen, traveling here with an eye to unguarded tea-spoons and romantic heiresses, has been the cause of a vast amount of crime and wretchedness.

The pernicious habit of "practising" is one of the most demoralizing uses to which the piano can be put. Listener and performer suffer by it alike. Excessive indulgence in "Why do Summer Roses Fade?" "Mollie Darling," and "tunes" of a similar nature, will surely develop violent mania in the former, inevitably leading to murder or suicide; while in the latter it tends to produce a delirium, designated by Dr. Brown-Sequard as *mania a piano forti*, or *jim-jamis musicalis*.

I knew a little boy once who was addicted to the dreadful vice of practising. He had not continued it long before it was observed that his aged grandmother was drooping rapidly. The color faded from her cheeks, the light died out of her eyes, and she was sinking rapidly into the grave. Still she lingered on for several months, until, in an evil moment, the little boy, becoming tired of scales and exercises, determined to try his skill upon a composition described upon the title-page as "*Une Version Facile de la Dernière Rose d'Ete, avec des Variations. Etude de Concert par Jean Smithski.*" It proved the finishing-stroke. His grandmother called him to her bedside, and, in a feeble voice, said, "My child, I have borne it as long as I could without a murmur. But that last effort of yours has killed me. If you would not sacrifice other and better lives than mine, shun the piano as you would a deadly reptile. Farewell! I forgive you!" Then she passed away, seeking refuge in the silent tomb. But the terrible lesson was not lost upon the little boy. He shook off the fatal habit, and grew up to be a good and useful man.

Though all the immoral uses to which the piano may be devoted are so wicked that they may well horrify any right-thinking man or

woman, there is nothing so atrociously criminal as the loosening of its evil passions in one of those charming American institutions called "boarding-houses." We were a comparatively happy family that came together in an establishment of this sort a year or two ago. One of our number was a young lady from the country. They said she possessed some incalculable amount of musical talent, and was to take piano and singing lessons of an eminent teacher. This news cast a sudden gloom over our little community. One evening I was in my room, emulating the examples of many eminent philosophers by preparing a profound treatise upon the "Unknown and the Unknowable and What We Know About It," when I was startled by a terrific WHANG! upon the lower keys of a piano in the adjoining apartment.

"Merciful Mendelssohn!" I exclaimed, "somebody has dropped an unabridged dictionary, or a copy of 'Daniel Deronda,' or some other heavy work, on that piano." At that instant another WHANG! crashed through the startled air, followed by a third and a fourth, and then the performer, our musical boarder, rattled out a stream of direful noises. Most of the time she seemed in hot pursuit after something that persistently eluded her, for she would scramble all the way to the top of the piano after it, and not finding it there would scramble all the way back again, with a rush that took away my breath; and, disappointed in the chase at that end, she would renew the pursuit up and down the piano, until it uttered the most heartrending cries under the infliction. At last she came to a stop, with a vicious thump that shook the pictures on my walls. "Ah, ha!" I said, "the piano has the best of it. It has floored her." Hardly had I spoken the words when a fearful scream pierced my ears and brought me to my feet, pale with terror. "A woman's scream!" I cried. "Can it be murder? Surely, surely, they are killing her!" Unfortunately they were not, and I soon discovered that the scream was only the introduction to a shrill invitation from my fair neighbor to some mysterious individual to come with her "and dwell apart."

We stood this sort of thing about a fortnight, and then several desperate men assembled together with angry looks and eyes of ire. We decided to wait upon the landlady. I was appointed spokesman, and made the following touching speech:

"Madam," I said, "we are not assassins by nature, but there are things that will transform even lambs into tigers, and we humbly pray you to suggest to the young lady who manifests such a strong desire to 'dwell apart,' that if she does not immediately put that desire into execution, human gore will freely flow, and hell itself shall stand aghast at the fearful deeds that we will do."

The next day that young lady sought a new field for piano action, and peace dwelt with us once more.

The growth of the piano vice must be checked without delay. Fearless crusaders are needed to attack the evil, and trample it out forever. The pledge of total abstinence from "practising" should be freely circulated amongst those who are bound by its accursed chains. The time is ripe for valiant deeds. A grand, square, upright stand must be made against this growing evil, or it will overwhelm us with evil consequences which we can never sufficiently deplore.

MARK INSLEE.

It is the cantelope, now, that as the green peach and the pineapple and the multitudinous huckleberry fade into their oblivion, comes to the front, falls into line, and hands the recording angel a list of killed which makes Bulgaria turn green with envy.

## Answers for the Anxious.

HAZELTINE.—If she chooses.

OWEN MEREDITH.—Thanks.

CHAS. PLUMB.—Very much obliged.

BEE.—Send it—at your own risk and hazard.

ALMAVIVA.—Take, oh take those paragraphs away!

WILLIE D. D.—Now, dear boy, *what* have we done to you?

TENTER-HOOKS.—See answer to letter of Mr. Brown, in another column.

PHI-UPSILON.—Not to any inordinate and excessive extent we don't accept it.

MRS. GLASSE.—We would rather not tell you how to make country sausages—but we wouldn't advise you to leave the country to do it.

NED SCUPPER.—Your contribution is the wildest thing, without exception, that we have ever struck. What is the matter with you? Come, so to speak, off.

H. P. W.—You have something in you. But it won't do to let it trickle out in such feeble attempts at versification as that you have sent us. Study metrical composition, and seek fresh and unhackneyed subjects.

CARLYON.—Your paragraphs were submitted, immediately on receipt, to the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan. He has not yet formally given in his verdict. But, if we may judge from his looks, he means Blood.

GEO. CRETEN, Dallas, Texas; CHARLIE, Chicago; LEVISON, New Haven; D. E. L.; STOUGHTON; PAOLA; J. A. DEVISE, Yonkers.—You are all a week too late to stand on "That Mule" with any sort of elegance or precision.

TENNESSEE.—If you are trying to make us believe: first, that "Move my arm-chair, faithful Pompey" is a funny song, and second, that you wrote it, you have one quality, at least, which would go far toward insuring your success in the book-agent line.

H. D. H., Adrian, Mich.—We are reading your epic. Our staff has been at work on it in detachments for three days. Fresh gangs relieve each other every hour. We have got as far as the 457th page, and we confidently hope to be able to give you an answer next week.

WALTER WYLIE.—Be careful, Walter, be careful. A stranger—a perfectly mild, quiet, inoffensive man—coming into this office, encountered your poem unexpectedly, and the Bloomingdale doctors doubt the possibility of his restoration to reason. A man with a genius like yours should keep it muzzled.

VINDEX, ATTICA, N. Y.—Young man, it will not do. We recognize that patriotic poem of yours. It is this summer's Fourth-of-July oration, done into verse. It will not do for PUCK. If you must send us something, make it a little fresher than that superannuated old bird of Freedom, weltering in mingled buncombe and gore. But we think you'd shine to more advantage in the columns of the Attica *Banner of Progress*, or the Hornellsville *Palladium*, or some journal of that kind.

TOUCHSTONE.—We beg ten thousand pardons. We have, indeed, neglected you. We're awful sorry. Let's see—you sent in that contribution about the 15th of July—did you? Somehow we can't remember—how was it now? Guess it was "N. G." Touchstone. Well, we're awfully sorry, anyway. Something about the "Sanskrit Element in our Civilization," wasn't it? Well, whatever it was, it's a dead issue now. All the same, we're sorry. P.S. Don't try to translate this notice.

XIT.—You ask if three of a kind are better than two pair. It entirely depends on circumstances. We prefer two pair of new boots, or gloves, to three right or left ones, any day in the week. Two pair of 2:20 trotters we might be inclined to value more highly than even three prime potato-bugs. On the other hand, three United States bonds, say of \$500 each, are decidedly ahead of two pairs of the handsomest clocked silk socks; but, after all, these things are mere matters of taste.

CARL CARLSON.—We don't want to shackle your free spirit with the gyves of conventionality. If you want to writhe in the convolutions of delirium tremens, why, writhe. If you think yourself specially fitted by nature for a lunatic light comedian, pursue your vocation. But if you *will* have jimjams, and other eccentricities, don't put them on paper; label them "Walter's Woes," and send them to us. Are you aware that in your frenzy you let the following stanza loose upon an utterly unoffending editor?

"Ditsy Titsy, come with me,  
And I will show you the maid  
That stood at the stile, at the head of the lane,  
Who unaided threw Walter to a Naiad."



## MISS JONES'S SQUIRREL.



1. Miss Jones—O rash and reckless "gir'l"  
Has bought a darling little squirrel.



2. A frisky thing but "dreadful stupid,"  
It makes this wild attack on Cupid.



3. And lays him low, *sans* doubt or dread,  
And plants himself in Cupid's stead.



4. Not long he rests. Miss Jones's lover  
Is next attacked, and 'most knocked over.



5. He rallies boldly, bravely, but  
His nose is taken for a nut.



6. "But oh, this balm," quoth Henner-ee,  
"Atones for all my agonee!"



7. "To sup with thee, sweet girl of gir'ls,  
I wouldn't mind a hundred squirrels!"



8. But he forswears these tender tunes  
When something bites his pantaloons.



9. He tries to fix his trowsers right  
While the squirrel hides in Lily-White.



10. At last,—in rage he darts from there,  
And one vast cloud fills all the air.



11. Elate with triumph, seated, lo!  
He now defies th' advancing foe.



12. The lesson of this flight and fall  
Is "trust no squirrel, large or small."

## PUCK'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

(CONTINUED.)

### CHAPTER IV.

#### THE SETTLEMENTS.

A LARGE number of the settlements in the United States were made by individuals who were unable to make them on the other side of the water.

Whenever a European failed to pay his tailor, or forged a check, or ran away with a pretty barmaid, he came to America.

Thus was our best society established.

Virginia was one of the first regions settled.

A number of Englishmen came out and raised tobacco. Then they sent it to England and raised money on it.

Occasionally the native Indians dropped in on them, and raised the settlers' hair.

This diversified the proceedings.

At first there were no women in Virginia. But after a while the colonial breast began to yearn for female society. An order was sent to England for a ship-load of women.

A large consignment was promptly shipped, warranted in good order and condition, free of claim for leakage, breakage, damage or uncertain age, primage and average accustomed.

When that cargo of 50 of the most beautiful young ladies in the world arrived in Virginia, the inhabitants thought they had struck Vassar College, and there was a rush for the ship. But the damsels were auctioned off with all due formality.



A good, healthy, well-disposed young woman, warranted sound and kind in double harness, brought her weight in plug tobacco.

Off-color girls, girls who chewed gum and said "reel mean," and girls whose tastes in the line of ice-cream and soda-water were known to be extravagant, were sold at lower rates, and brought their avoirdupois in inferior kinds of tobacco.

But they were all promptly sold. The vessel arrived at six o'clock in the afternoon, and by twenty minutes of seven, 50 stalwart Virginians might have been seen streaking for their respective homes, each toting a partner of his joys and sorrows, whom he regarded with pleasure, not to say delight.

And Night drew her mantle of peace over the scene.

Thus was Virginia started.

This system of courtship—which, it cannot be denied, was, to a certain extent, so to speak, abrupt—had its advantages, and its disadvantages.

There was no sitting up in the front parlor till half-past one o'clock in the morning, with the concomitant waste of kerosene oil and damage to the sofa-springs.

A young man with a limited weekly salary could pass an ice-cream saloon without feeling a cold chill run down his spinal marrow.

Nor was a man obliged to degrade himself by shuffling around in a pair of yellow slippers, on which a green gazelle sported in a thicket of pink roses, worked for him by the gentle hands of love.

In these points the colonists of Virginia were ahead of their descendants.

But then, on the other hand, such dialogue as the following was by no means unfrequent in the first families of Virginia:

"Now, Charles Augustus Simpkins, don't you go to thinking I'm any snide hundred-weight of cheap tobacco. I'm a square hundred and forty pounds of Killikinick, you bet your boots. That's the kind of nicotine hair-pin I am!"

Or:

"Seraphina Jane! Is this the woman I adored? Is this the ideal my soul worshipped in secret? Is this the blossom of budding maidenhood for whom I slumped down ten stone of niggerhead? Seraphina, you are not the plug I took you for!"

John Smith was the man who settled Jamestown. If he had waited until the irreverent nineteenth century to do it, it would have been Jintown.

John Smith belonged to a healthy family.

Indeed, the extraordinary fertility—the multiplicity, as it were, of the Smiths—has led to the conjecture that John was triplets.

When J. Smith first landed, the place where Jamestown now stands was occupied by an old Indian chief named Powhatan.

Smith named the place after him. The English are not good linguists, and James was as near as Smith could come to Powhatan.

At first, however, Smith was far from solid with Powhatan.

As we have intimated, John was an Englishman, and his supercilious air, his manner of wearing his whiskers, and his habit of dropping his H's and wearing eye-glasses, so exasperated Powhatan that he took up a club to brain him.



But just here the protecting genius of the Smith family arose, in the shape of a lovely aborigine of the name of Pocahontas.

She was the daughter of Powhatan, and she was gone on John Smith.

She arose and took her father by the arm, and said: "Father, dear father, come home with me now!"

At the utterance of this beautiful sentiment, her father was so much affected that he wept like a child, and allowed himself to be led away.

He wasn't half so affected as his daughter was, however.

Smith didn't marry Pocahontas.

This was a shame, as a maiden aunt of Pocahontas afterwards remarked.

But we cannot coincide with Pocahontas's estimable relative in her subsequent remarks on men in general.

They are not all like that.

The Puritans settled New England; which was the worst blow that region ever received.

The Puritans came over to this country bent on the propagation of religious liberty and beans.



They wanted freedom of thought, they did, those high-toned old immigrants; they wanted to be let alone to worship God their own way; to roast witches, and stone dissenters and indulge in various other little amusements, untrammelled by the tyranny of a bigoted, superstitious and arrogant papacy.

That's what they did.

It is needless to say that they succeeded admirably. They had things all their own way. Whenever a man disagreed with them, they whipped him or pilloried him, or chucked rocks at him, and sent him out of the colony.

Whenever they found an old woman whose personal appearance displeased their æsthetic taste, they called her a witch, and burned her.

Also in several other ways they managed to illumine that unquenchable spark of liberty which later burst, not to say bust, into flame in the patriotic breasts of that band of heroes who made the immortal onslaught on a large consignment of Oolong tea—but we anticipate.

The Puritans instituted many beautiful customs, and they had some very remarkable laws.

They provided strict penalties against Sabbath-breaking.

On Sunday they decreed that every able-bodied man, woman and child in the country should go to church three times a day. They forbid reading anything except the Bible, forbid walking in the fields, and generally shut down on amusements. Then they called it the Lord's day; and thus strove to make the Lord unpopular.

One of their regulations concerning Sunday was that a man should not kiss his wife on that day. No reference, however, was made to other fellows' wives; and it is presumed that the ungodly profited by the omission.

They were a beautiful people, the Puritan settlers were, and their descendants inherit many of their most charming traits.

Divine Providence, however, that sent the Puritans to New England, decreed, in its infinite mercy, that that region should not spread over the whole continent. The Puritans' area of operations was confined to the catarrhal, the beany portion, as it were, of the United States.

This gave the Dutch a chance to settle New Amsterdam, as we have before explained, and also gave room for William Penn to institute Pennsylvania.

Until the later years of his life, Mr. Penn was a quiet, harmless and eminently respectable Quaker. But in his old age he grew wild and misanthropic, and by way of avenging the wrongs society had inflicted upon his people, he came to America and founded Philadelphia.

What the world had done to him that he should have taken such terrible means of retaliation is not known.

But Civilization shrieked when Philadelphia arose.

To those who are not acquainted with Philadelphia, it may be well to state that she beats



Bulgaria on atrocities, including Anna Dickinson and Centennials.

Philadelphia is the place where when two fellows go to the theatre together, one treats the other.

In this way they keep up a reputation for generosity, and it doesn't cost them anything more than it would if each fellow paid for himself.

We have remarked that William Penn instituted Philadelphia. We did not say he settled it. He did not. We wish he had settled it. The heartfelt benedictions of a grateful nation would have been upon his head if he had settled it, in its earliest incipency.

Next to atrocities, Philadelphia is chiefly famous for its ready-made clothing establishments.

This brings the chapter to a clothes.

(To be continued.)

## FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

XXII.

SARATOGA—IV.



Ya-as; this we-sort gets a twifle more agreeable everyday. So aw I've wresolved to wemain a little longer befaw going to Nooport. "Noo" is, I believe, an Amerwican-Indian word,

and I nevaw saw a fellow who was so beastly ignorwant as not to know what "port" meant. The whole name sounds wather like the Bwtish Newport; but that couldn't be, for fellows here would then pwonounce it like we do. But, 'pon my soul, I don't see what wrelation there is between Sarwatoga and Newport, considering that I'm witing about Sarwatoga.

A gweat deal of wacing has been going on, and, as I wemarked on a pwevious occasion, a curwious-looking fellow, who is a pwominent member of the Lords, is a steward, or pwopwietor of the wace-course. He looks verwy much like a ticket-of-leave man, or a fellow who hangs fellows, or a pwize-fighter; but I weally didn't think that he could be any of these things, yer know. Everwybody wefers to him as John Morwis, or Morwissey, and as a verwy stwiking Amerwican charwacter. He was wwpesented to me as a gweat club-man; but I found aw that the club was a westauwant—with tolerwably decent cooking, too—and a merwewtwicously decorwated cwib, where fellows aw gamble and invest gweenbacks in ivorwy dwaughtsmen, and wisk them on the gween cloth, while a fellow turns wound a woulette arwangement, and a cwoupier wakes in the aw things.

Pharwoah is another game. I am told that it is named after some king, or emperwor, or pwesident, who weigned in Afwica, or Awabia, or Amerwica, some time ago. Jack Carnegie says the Bible wefers to this fellow fwequently. But I was weally under the impwession that some Fwench wuler who was a lunatic aw had invented packs of cards, and I don't think his name was Pharwoah—but historwy is a dweadfully abstwuse and complicated business. But they must have been clewah sort of fellows, I should say, who first invented a lot of different things. So, after all, this Morwis fellow is of the same pwofession as the pwopwietors of the place in Monaco, and the Tiger Menagerwie in New York—devilish odd pwofession for an Amerwican who makes law in Parliament. Jack says that the fellow was once a bruiser, and that he wegularly fought in the pwize-wing.

I suppose that this is necessary in this country. Ya-as; that's the weason Amerwicans are always talking about political and wailroad wings. I don't mind wisking a monkey or two on wacing; but I don't gamble—it's bad form. Some of the wacing heah is fair, and the cattle neat and decently bwed; but I can't be interwested—too much twouble to wemember all the horses.

At some hotels heah they won't admit Hebews. Stwange in a wepublic, when at home Elliott Yorke, Hardwicke's son, and Edinburgh's equerry, marwied Wothschild's daughter. Now I wather like Jews, and have found them verwy agreeable and convenient when I wanted a bill done as a youngster. Besides, old Dizzy Beaconsfield is a first-wate sort of fellow, or my people wouldn't support him, yer know.

There are a gweat varwietty of people heah, but everwybody talks about dollahs. Nevah met with an Amerwican man or woman who didn't. By the way, at dinnah, too, severwal fellows used to wemind me of horses. They call it corn-cob for that weason, I suppose. But they suck these big things, which are as large as wolling-pins, and devour the gwain. A fellow might just as well eat a twuss of hay. Our gamekeeper used to feed our gwey parwots on this stuff, b-b-boiled.

I have been dwinking the minerwal-waters wegularly. I was in good spwits last night, and one water was of devilish peculiar flavah, and after dwinking severwal glasses I had a beastly headache. Jack said he'd get particulars of that spwing. Scientific fellows, yer know, divide these spwings by algebwa or hydwestatics or something, so that a fellow may know what he's dwinking.

—Note by Captain the Honorable John de Beaufort Southesk Carnegie, Royal Horse Guards (Blue) Extra Aide-de-camp (for particular service), to the Commander-in-Chief of the forces, Dominion of Canada.

The following is the analysis of the spring referred to by my friend. It is a "Rag and and Famish" joke:

Aqua-sodah-um	-	-	-	100.
Eaudevie-um	-	-	-	500.
Chartreuse-em	-	-	-	50.
Irish Whiskeyam	-	-	-	200.
Curacao-om	-	-	-	50.
Ginger-im	-	-	-	10.
Old Port-ode	-	-	-	50.
Nutmeg-ide	-	-	-	20.
Lemon-ade	-	-	-	20.
				1000.

## A WARNING TO THE MURPHYITES.



"Dry agin! Now if dem munisherple authorities don't take no more care of de water-supply, w'at's to hinder a feller from going right to de bad—gittin' blind drunk on mint-juleps, 'n' brandy-smashes, 'n' champagne-cock-tails, 'n' things?"

## TELEPHONOGRAMS.

### LATEST FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

FROM PUCK'S SPECIAL ARTIST-CORRESPONDENT.



FREE PASSES OF THE BALKANS.  
ATROCITY HEADQUARTERS.

Atrocities are rife. Both sides working on full time; no strike. Turks are ahead in the pools, but Russians are freely backed to win.

Two Cossacks sought to compel the *Herald* correspondent to pronounce their names correctly. He perished in the attempt to do it.

A Cockney correspondent says, it is a mistake to suppose that Osman Pasha is a cavalry officer.

Suleiman Pasha actually committed the atrocity of asking twice for soup at the Plevna Grand Union Hotel.

General Ignatieff and Prince Shakosky have been disgraced for picking their teeth with forks. The Czar doesn't mind the campaign going wrong, but this breach of discipline was really too much for his delicate feelings.

The Russians have never been defeated. All statements to the contrary notwithstanding.

What do war correspondents know about strategy? Of course, I am an exception. These Russians are simply carrying out the wonderfully-laid plan of their campaign from its inception. They are just falling back, the misguided Turks fatuously following them. When the Turkish armies are decoyed into St. Petersburg, the Russians will surround them and keep them all prisoners in the Cathedral of St. Isaac. Please don't make this too public, as the Czar doesn't wish it.

LATEST SPECIAL AND PARTICULARLY HORRIBLE ATROCITY.

A body found in Rustchuk has been torn in pieces by the infuriated Turks.

It was originally of black silk and belonged to a fugitive Bulgarian pretty waiter girl. The indignation is intense.

"My dear fellow, I hope it's quite convenient, but I really forgot all about it," says Smith to Jones, when the latter voluntarily returns that five-dollar bill he borrowed a month ago.

But, how this world is given to lying! Smith during those thirty days has been thinking of nothing else, and wondering how Jones can be so damnably inconsiderate as not to pay up.

To the paragrapher who preserved his rectitude and his self-respect, Kars and Erzeroum are by this time only a tender reminiscence.

# LIGHT AND SHADE

FROM THE  
SEAT OF WAR.



WAR DISPATCH

"HANG THOSE TURKS! THEY DON'T  
LEAVE ANYTHING BEHIND WORTH STEAL-  
ING!"



RUSSIAN HEROISM REWARDED.

Dogkennel blown into the air  
with a torpedo.—Personal thanks  
of the Duke.



OF THE LIBERATOR

Children of Mussulman run through with a bayonet (just for fun)—Simultaneous Order.



PICK.



CH— HAVE CAPTURED ALL THE ENEMY'S SUPPLIES."

AFTER THE BATTLE—

"TWO SOULS WITH BUT A SINGLE THOUGHT!"



RUSSIAN HEROISM REWARDED.



Turkish woman hung into a bar-  
rel of tar.—Honorable mention.

THE STAFF

OF THE LIBERATOR.



Captain of a bathing Turk's woman.—Promotion to the rank of Major.





# "PINK DOMINOS."

AUG. 22d, 1877.

Dear Puck:

One more of them!

They are delightful, and they haven't got a moral.

They differ from emotional theatrical representations in this latter respect, and that's why I like them.

Of course you know that I refer to these French comedy vaudevilles that teem with naughty niceties dipped in bubbling humor, which carry you on a lightning express of hilarity through dazzling realms of dainty immoralities,—of which "Pink Dominos" is a brilliant illustration.

Albery's English version of the French play was brought out at the Union Square Theatre last Thursday evening before a large and characteristically "first-night" audience.

The house fairly rang with mirth, and the play, so far as this fact can serve as any indication, made a great hit.

There were, of course, a horde of critics on hand, fully resolved—as became their analytical and dissecting minds—to do their duty.

But "Pink Dominos" gets ahead of criticism. For which let us render thanks.

It is too well constructed to permit of depreciating analysis. Its characters are too well drawn to justify cheap caviling.

There is but one ground on which the over-anxious critic can place his foot and wave his defiant banner.

That's the ground of morality.

And isn't it a comfort, in this demoralized city—where men and women *will* go and see plays that haven't gone through the pure hands of the Licensor (because we haven't one) in this naughty town, where there is no one save an occasional hypocritical Comstock to look after our morals—to have these virtuous members of the press, who never go astray, avail themselves of the opportunity offered by "Pink Dominos" to blush almost audibly, and point with a finger of dreadful reproach at the destruction that yawns for all who patronize these wicked plays?

All glory to the chaste critic who does his duty.

But the public's morals are their own, and no Joseph of the press can curb them.

It is such calm, sweet enjoyment for me, after having steeped my senses in the sensuous bath of "Pink Dominos," to loll off the next day and read how depraved I have become from my night's enjoyment.

But I scratch my virtuous bald spot more in doubt than concession, and when, in response to my question, Araminta assures me that she would trust me with any number of "Pink Dominos" at Cremorne, in spite of the influences I have just been submitted to, I feel that I cannot have suddenly become so sinful after all.

So, then, if I, in a mildly critical way, should venture an opinion on the morality of "Pink Dominos," I should certainly say its influence is hurtful to those who will allow themselves to be influenced; but to make me believe that the intelligent auditor, who holds both his sides with laughter endeavoring to follow the hilarious plot of the play, is going to pause in his gratifying mirth to question his conscience,

would be as vain as trying to convince me that humor in the abstract isn't a delight.

Farces are not written to instruct. They are written to be laughed over. If you will with might and main try to force a moral out of a farce, it is your own fault if your enjoyment slackens and your virtue winces.

As for "Pink Dominos," of all three-act farces devoid of any attempt at a moral, it is the most devoid. Even as the curtain goes down, deception is crowned sovereign, and a final, supplementary burst of laughter rewards triumphant wickedness.

There is a reckless bravery about abolishing every shallow pretence at teaching any and every lesson which commands our admiration.

If "Pink Dominos" were a serious play, it would be immoral.

But humor is a dramatic disinfectant, and where it is spread we are proof against contagion.

Mr. Albery's version is a remarkably good one, not, as is erroneously supposed, in its excision of French naughtiness, but in its close reproduction of it.

I think there is too much said about the impossibility of delicately conveying delicate indelicacies in any other language than the French.

If it suits the French nature to imbibe its native *double entendre* with extravagant gusto, isn't it rather a commentary on the contrast with English and American nature, than on the language itself, if these adroitly-wicked allusions (provided they are as well rendered as in Mr. Albery's dialogue) are not received with Gallic enthusiasm?

Mr. Albery has paved the way of this French offshoot with clever, terse and appropriate language; and it affords sincere pleasure to find a company of actors so fully appreciative of this merit.

Mr. Charles Coghlan was especially engaged to play *Charles Greythorne*, the deceiving husband, who, under an everlasting veil of virtue, revels in erotic thoughts with naughty tendencies. His acting was exquisite. I don't really believe that Mr. Coghlan realizes how good a light comedian he is. I know he is always yearning for serious rôles; but there is no other young actor now on the New York boards who can cope with him in these lighter phases of dramatic art. He can blend action with repose in a manner peculiarly his own, and his acting shows all the *finesse* of culture.

Mr. Stevenson, as *Sir Percy Wagstaff*, a man about town, who drives along on the same road of dissipation, but takes less pains to conceal his tracks, would have been very good if he had only looked the part. But when he stood face to face with *Lady Maggie*, his towering iniquity didn't tower, and if he didn't quail it was because the author wouldn't let him, and not because he didn't seem to want to. But he contributed his share to the evening's enjoyment nobly—which is high praise for Mr. Stevenson.

Mr. Giddens, whose name unfortunately was left out of the bill, bore up under the infliction, and acted the very young man who gloried in his first opportunity of going astray, with appreciation and zest. He didn't try desperately to impress the audience with the idea that his rôle was the chief one in the play, but acted with a modest skill that proved effective; wherein he differed—oh, how he differed—from the distinguished local actor, Mr. John Matthews, who was cast for one of the waiters at Cremorne; and who fondly believed—though his genius was fettered by an extreme paucity in the number of speaking lines—that the sun, moon and stars, figuratively speaking, of the new comedy revolved about him, and whose fiery ambition (vaulting is but a mild adjective in connection with it), whose frantic pantomime, whose daunt-

less energy, burst the shackles of a hopeless part and crowned him monarch of the situation. When we reflect what the distinguished local favorite, Mr. John Matthews, did with this poor rôle, we tremble at the thought of what he might have done with a better one! Is there nothing that can curb such reckless art but being cast for the *Sleeping Doctor* of the "Danicheffs"?

Mr. J. W. Jennings was uneven in his rôle. He caught the broad fun of *Joskin Tubbs*—that of a dear old gentleman with the weakness of his younger associates—but there was no nice gradation in his acting. However, the nervousness of a first night may have had a great deal to do with this; when that wears off, he may improve. He certainly needs improvement.

Mr. Herbert, as *Brisket*, the head-waiter at Cremorne, gave a neat little sketch.

The ladies were all admirable. Mrs. Agnes Booth was cast for a very difficult rôle, as *Lady Maggie Wagstaff*. She had to represent a lady of high breeding, burdened with the knowledge of masculine depravity, and compelled to discourse on it to the uninitiated. It required the keenest perception and delicacy. Knowledge may be power; but it is a power that cannot be wielded without art. Mrs. Booth was dignified to a charming degree, and artistic without being stagey. She made all the points that were allotted to her—and they were many—and conveyed all that was to be conveyed (which included much information derogatory to the fidelity of husbands) with intelligence, and sufficient vigor to impress without shocking.

Miss Linda Dietz, as *Mrs. Greythorne*, the confiding wife, was an agreeable foil to *Lady Maggie*, and fully realized the picture of sweetness born of devotion.

Miss Maude Harrison as *Rebecca*, the pure and gentle maid—a sort of feminine "Baby" who plunges into a stream of salacity, on short notice, and, as an unexpected "Pink Domino," plays the greatest havoc on her own account, much to the amazement, subsequently, of the household—did remarkably well. She looked pretty enough to justify all the desperate deeds that were enacted to win her young affections, and acted fully in accordance with the spirit of the text.

A word of praise is due to Mrs. E. J. Phillips for a conscientious rendition of the only rigidly "correct" character of the play, *Mrs. Joskin Tubbs*, whose age precluded all notion of wrongdoing, notwithstanding a complication in the third act that threatened to throw a shade of doubt over her austere propriety.

There is one thing to be objected to in "Pink Dominos," and that is the opening of the second act with the introduction of *Miss Barron*, a Cremorne charmer, on the arm of old *Tubbs*. There is a loudness about this situation that does not harmonize with the rest of the play.

"Pink Dominos" was produced with an attention to detail that is characteristic of the Union Square Theatre and Mr. Palmer's management. There can be no doubt of its complete success.

Animatedly yours,

SILAS DRIFT.

P.S.—The Lydia Thompson Troupe, at Wal-lacks, and the "Danites," at the Broadway, will next claim attention. S. D.

2d P.S.—But they won't dim the lustre of "Pink Dominos." S. D.

SINCE BRIGNOLI has written "Crossing the Danube," it is a study to watch the look of scorn that settles on the brow of the Turkish minister as he passes him by at Gilmore's Garden.



## DRAMATIC NOTES.

WANTED--a *Juliet*.

ELI PERKINS is *not* going on the stage. The stage breathes freely once more.

THERE is no truth in the rumor that Anna the Ambitious is going to play *Macbeth*.

BABY'S BUTTONHOLES are being attended to at the Park, and the attendance increases in consequence.

HARRY BECKETT has got back from Europe in time to revive the memories of his burlesque glories, by attending the performances of the Lydia Thompson Troupe.

SOME one who knows, speaking of "Pink Dominos," says it's so terribly naughty that you can't get a decent orchestra seat unless you order it two weeks in advance.

JOE HOWARD, alias M. T. Jugg, alias Monsieur X., sated with the glories of the quill, talks of going into the lecture field. "Human Cussedness all Round," is spoken of as his subject.

WILLIE EDOUIN, of the Lydia Thompson Troupe, is out-Parsloeing Parsloe as the Chinaman; and the healthy Heathen cavorts theatrically muchee plenty topside. We have at last struck the vein of the Great American—but we refrain.

MR. DEN THOMPSON will open in Baltimore, on the first of September, as *Joshua Whitcomb*. The part of *Nelly Primrose* will introduce to the public a beautiful debutante, Miss Blanche Hayden, who is said, on the authority of a New York critic, to possess great talent.

CHARLES GAYLER has written "Love Among the Roses" for Miss Jennie Hughes. We don't blame Charles Gayler. But what the world has ever done to Jennie Hughes that she should want to wreak vengeance upon it as a star, is beyond our comprehension.

COUNT JOANNES denies the report that he is writing a play. He sticks his noble palm in the inside-pocket of his medal-laden coat, and says in the voice of one who has seen many vicissitudes, but whose pride is unconquered still: "I have not got to that yet!"

JANAUSCHEK is not going to support Fechter. And Fechter gets out of the dilemma by declining to support Janauschk. But while these lesser stars flicker dimly, Johnny Thompson and Oliver Doud Byron still sail right on in fearless splendor, and Art smiles triumphant from her throne.

THAT stupendous satire on theatrical managers, Josh Chesterfield Hart, once more flaunts his name at the head of the Eagle Novelty Theatre, and as *Bardwell Slose* looks at the bills of the house—so suddenly turned legitimate—he winks his eye, and says to himself: "It's a d. g. j.!"\*

MAGNUS AND LANCASTER's play of "Vivienne" is to be done at the New Broadway Theatre, with Florence Fairchild as star. As this piece had an uninterrupted run of one night at Newburg, Orange county, and was received with the unstinted approval of the "local co-operative", we may look forward to a dramatic treat.

JOAQUIN MILLER, Mr. and Mrs. McKee-Rankin, and the Danites, will make a combined effort at the New Broadway Theatre to-night. With what success we shall be better able to say next week. In the meanwhile the three-sheet posters of Mrs. McKee-Rankin, got up in imitation of Mrs. Tom-ri-ron, continue to astound the casual observer.

\* g. j. stands for good joke. What the "d." stands for is left to the imagination of the reader. But an interview with the manager will elicit the interpretation with frequency and vigor.



### Silhouettes AND Songs.

## IV.

## RADISH AND ROSE.



RADISH and a rose  
Grew in one garden-bed,  
One white as driven snows,  
The other coarse and red.

The radish came as lover  
To the white rose pale and sweet,  
So faint and fair, the rover  
West-wind scarce dared to greet.

When earthly grossness marries  
A soul its own above,  
Death, that stays not nor tarries,  
Does but the will of Love.

The rose the west-wind kissed  
The radish won and wed;  
But ere the summer wist,  
Her flower of flowers was dead.

Her sisters wept about her;  
"My love!" the west-wind cried;  
The radish waxed the stouter,  
And wondered why she died.

H. C. BUNNER.

THE *Arcadian* is to be revived in September. We hope that its publisher has given over his tendency to write leading articles in broken Bulgarian. It is, however, satisfactory to know that the paper will be under the editorial charge of Mr. Ernest Harvier, the able dramatic critic, who will undoubtedly bring it up to a standard, as a theatrical journal, far above that of the so-called dramatic sheets now in the field.

FLORENCE, having bravely rescued several people from watery graves during the summer, and placed his name high on the scroll of valor, is to float the "Mighty Dollar" at the Eagle next Monday night. The latter task, in view of the lack of novelty, would appear the more difficult; but Mrs. General Giffory has laid in a fresh supply of brilliant costumes, which are expected to draw—if the piece shouldn't.

EBEN PLYMPTON, the *Romeo* of last season, has got back to town from the Catskills, where he has been wooing the summer breezes and the stray *Capulets*, and is now ready to support any one who comes along. In the absence of *Adelaidé the Adorable*, which of the other *Juliets* wants a *Romeo* "as is" a *Romeo* for next season? Don't all speak at once.

WE haven't had the last of the "Two Orphans" yet. They have broken out at Wood's Theatre. Well, after Uncle Tom's Cabin, anything is a novelty.

IF we are to be denied the pleasure of seeing Mr. and Mrs. Chanfrau act together, there is some satisfaction in knowing that Mrs. C. follows immediately upon her husband's foot-steps at the Grand Opera House next September.

## Two Knaves and a Queen.

AN ENGLISH STORY.  
BY FRANK BARRETT.

(This Story was begun in No. 4. Back Numbers can be obtained at the office of PUCK, 13 North William st.)

### CHAPTER XX.

MRS. EASON left Tom Reynolds with a poor opinion of his magnanimity, his reticence seeming to her an obstinate determination to protract the quarrel. She regretted having made a peaceful overture, and vowed to serve Mattie no better than Tom had served her, should she seek a reconciliation. At the same time she was filled with the apprehension that the old gentleman had been exercising a ruse to get her away from her shop whilst he broke her door and ran away with her till. It was well for Mr. Fox he kept out of her way. Having seen her into Reynolds's apartment, he went to his underground room in Kingsland, content to let the stone he had set in motion roll. He was anxious to begin the more important quest, and began at once to prepare for the journey to Italy, which he had resolved to make on the next day.

Tom Reynolds did not move for some time after Kate Eason left him, and then wove his willows slowly and without thought of what his fingers did. Occasionally his hands rested, as if punctuating the thought flowing through his mind. It was not his own misfortune that concerned him. "What must become of this little wife?" thought he. "She is but willful, I believe, and only for a time will she do that which her heart will tell her is wrong. Her heart is not at fault, 'tis but her eyes that are led away. She has wetted my parched eyes with her tears, and kissed these scarred cheeks of mine. Without a true heart she could not have nursed me tenderly when I was all loathsome to the sight—she so young and fair. . . . She must not know that her secret is discovered, or her thoughtlessness would seem to her guilt, and remorse might lead her to a rash act, which could never be undone. . . . She cannot for long live with me deceiving me. I may not be able to conceal my knowledge from her. I cannot be gay with these thoughts upon me; yet if I would retain that love she has for me I should be cheery and pleasant. For she must surely love me less as I grow more dull and silent. Now that I am scarred and sightless, there is naught to endear me to her but kindness, and such songs as I can sing. If my voice breaks down, and I am but a dreary, ugly, deformed companion, life with me must become burdensome to her. . . . Her disposition must incline her to a mate with responsive feelings, such as Mr. Biron has. Doubtless it is my witless, dull company that has driven her to seek company more suitable. Mr. Hugh is bright and handsome, and happy and kind. Yet if she flies to him, poor thing, her happiness will be but short-lived, and her punishment far beyond her merit. Care will follow thoughtlessness; and when she thinks of me, alone and blind, and remembers how I lost my eyes for her sake, my sorrow will be more grievous to her than to me. . . . Perhaps she has no thought of leaving me; maybe she does not really love this young man. It is but a flirtation such as they engaged in before. Ah, that is a happy thought! . . . Maybe she sits merely as a matter of business to this artist, for the sake of providing means for our subsistence, and she conceals the fact, knowing how stupidly jealous I am. She thinks no harm, surely. But though she has no feeling now, it may grow by association day after day with Mr. Hugh. She is not old nor harsh nor dull, and he must appear ten times handsomer than he is by con-

trast with the husband left weaving baskets in this room. And he—how can he unmoved look upon Mattie's sweet face whole hours together? Oh, that I might see that face again but for one little minute! . . . He must needs love her, seeing her so much. . . . The temptation must be removed before they yield to it. How can I effect this—I, so helpless and so clumsy? It is such a thing as one ever so much more clever than I only might do. Who amongst my friends dare I trust with such a task? Who could separate them, and yet keep her ignorant of the cause? . . . I know no man who could help me; 'twould be like giving a watch to be repaired by a blacksmith; one clumsy touch would injure all hopelessly. A woman could do it, if I knew of one. Who is there? Mrs. Eason? Oh, no, no. If Miss Biron were here, ah—"

In the midst of these reflections Mattie returned. He felt her kneeling presently at his feet, and fancied, with joy in his heart, that she was about to confess all to him. He put his hands upon her smooth hair, for her hat was cast aside, and so held her small head. She took his hand, and all the joy left his heart as he felt her putting shillings into it. And now she took his head, and drew his face to her glowing cheek. How hot it was! He wondered if Hugh had seen her to the door, and if her cheeks had caught their glow in parting from him. The thought sickened him and banished hope.

"Aren't my cheeks hot?" she asked.

"Very."

"I've been running."

Was this also a lie?

"And here are eighteen shillings—there's a lot! Oh, what an awkward old boy you are! You have dropped them all."

"Eighteen shillings for merely sitting before an artist for a few hours; 'tis as unlikely as that she should get so much for minding a shop," thought Tom.

There was an under-current of thought running through Mattie's brain, which her manner and words did not betray. She chattered as she gathered up the scattered shillings, wondering the while whether it was their poverty or the loss of his sight which so affected Tom.

"Oh, how glad I am to-morrow is Sunday!" said she; "we will go and sit in the Park if the day is as fine as this, and I will tell you all about the people who pass, and whether the crocuses are out of the ground, and how they look; and we won't have a single moment apart the whole day, will we, you dear, dear old Tom?"

"She does love me. No woman could lie like this," thought Tom.

Mattie kissed him, and went singing about her domestic work. Presently eyeing Tom narrowly, and detecting the effort with which he affected cheerfulness, she came to his side, resting her hands upon his shoulder.

"I don't think you are well," said she, seriously; "you were not last night; this morning, too, you sung so loud to deceive me, wishing me to believe you do not suffer. I do think it is the confinement. You shall go for a walk this very afternoon."

"Nay, Mattie, my health is good."

"But you will go out, for my sake. I hate to be in this close room when the sun shines."

"Why, to be sure, the room is close and dull too; though 'tis all the same to my eyes, and the smell of the osiers is unpleasant to many."

"That's true, dear, they are enough to make any one ill; and you can afford to leave them a while now your little wife earns so much money. When you have finished that basket I will clear all the horrid stuff into the yard, and we will have no more of them until Monday."

Tom finished his work, thinking how offen-

sive the willow was, and how heavy and dull the room. No wonder a bright bird should seek to escape from such a cage and a mate so miserable.

He saw no way of overcoming the difficulties by which he was beset unaided; and René Biron was the only person he could trust. If he alone had been concerned, he would have died rather than reveal his wife's secret to a living soul: but Mattie's happiness was at stake, and he resolved to use the only means he knew of for insuring her welfare. Where René was he could learn only from Mr. Gray, her solicitor, and to his office in Lincoln's Inn he desired Mattie to conduct him. Tom had invested all his savings in stock, which he added to that with which René had planted the nursery. When the house was burnt, and Tom by losing his sight was unable to carry on the business, the stock was sold off, and from the money realized he was enabled to discharge the expenses of his illness, and yet had sufficient left to pay the rent which was due. This gave him a pretext for his visit to René's lawyer. When Mattie had led him into the office, and withdrawn, he begged of Mr. Gray to tell him where he might find Miss Biron, but would not be drawn by offers of assistance into betraying the object he had in view. Mr. Gray was willing to do anything but what Tom wanted; but he promised to write at once to Miss Biron.

"It is only a matter of a few days' delay," he said. "The letter, stating your desire to see Miss Biron, will be in her hands to-morrow, and Miss Biron's answer shall be communicated to you without delay."

The rest of that day and the whole of the following should have been a time of happiness to the blind man—would have been but for the tormenting doubts that forced themselves into his mind. All that a woman in her sweetest, tenderest mood can do Mattie did to lighten her husband's heart; but every effort to minister to the diseased mind served but to increase the ill. That one so young and gay could in truth feel for him, so ugly and aged with care, the devoted love Mattie's every action and word professed seemed to him impossible, and he could put but one construction on her behavior. Why, when he was handsome and hale she had shown less delight in him than now, when there was so little to admire. Yes, she was overacting the part she felt called upon to play, and simulated affection to conceal its absence. Mr. Fox's most effectual hit was in making Tom believe himself disfigured. He could not avoid the conclusion that Mattie, who had shown at all times such susceptibility to the influence of her senses, must be disappointed in possessing for a husband one so utterly unattractive. He was quite deceived; he had not the slightest doubt that all Fox had said about him was truth; and his surprise was that he had been cheated into believing his appearance unaltered by the accident which had deprived him of sight. Convincing proofs met him everywhere, now he awakened to receive them.

They walked into the Park on Sunday.

Uneducated folks may have very good feelings, but they have a bad method of showing them. They have no idea how their kindness pains. And now Tom's heart was so sensitively strung that every breath drew from it a mournful note. Mattie left his side in the Park to strike up an acquaintance with a pretty child playing near, and a woman on Tom's other side felt it incumbent upon her to be civil.

"A dreadful affliction, yours," said she.

Tom nodded.

"The young woman is your sister, I suppose?"

"No, mum; she's my wife."

"Your wife, eh? Tut, tut! Poor thing! Of course she married you before you was struck?"



"Of coorse."

"Oh, dear, dear! Well, marriage is a lottery; but as I always says, we're afflicted in this manner for some wise purpose, no doubt. That's a comfort, ain't it?"

By this time Mattie, having kissed the child a couple of dozen times, brought it to Tom, thinking the prattle which delighted her woman's ear would please him; but the child, seeing Tom's closed eyes, was struck with a child's horror of the exceptional; and classing a blind man with a policeman, a chimney-sweeper, and the undefined bogey, set up a shriek and ran away screaming.

"You frightened him," exclaimed the well-disposed woman.

"No wonder," murmured Tom, hanging his head.

As they walked home, husband and wife, Mattie bought a bunch of violets.

"I will wear them in my frock," said she when they reached home. "And now, when you want to smell them, you must kiss me."

He kissed her, wondering if she closed her eyes as she saw his scarred and sightless face approaching.

She did all she could to divert his mind from brooding. She read to him—hard task at most times—and sang old hymns, and filled up the intervals with cheerful talk; but to no purpose. Each saw that the other was simulating. After a while she ceased to speak, and both sat silent—he by the hearthside, with his hands folded on his knee, and head bent. She regarded him for a time with tears springing in her eyes; then rose, blew out the lamp, and drawing his arm around her neck, sat on his knee and nestled her head in his shoulder.

"You have blown out the light, Mattie?"

"Yes; I like the glow of the fire. 'Tis so cosy and sleepy and quiet."

Tom, thinking of his looks, wondered if that was her sole reason for extinguishing the light, and was silent.

"Tom dear, you must not think me unfeeling because I chat and laugh now just as I used in old times. Indeed I am troubled and grieved, for I see how deeply you take your misfortune to heart, and I can find no way of relieving you. My eyes are yours; is there anything you would like to see that I have not told you about?"

"You haven't told me about yourself, Mattie."

"Why, I am not altered, dear. See with your fingers. There!" She passed his hand over her smooth hair and to her brow.

"She purposely mistakes my meaning," thought Tom; but at that moment his fingers, tracing the outline of her pretty features, felt the cheek wet which they touched. In an instant he was altered.

"O my dear love!" he cried, pressing her head passionately to his breast. And she, shedding her tears quietly there, and he clasping her thus, were happy for a time.

He was not the first man who has denied reason for a woman's tears, and willingly accepted whatever mad hypothesis his heated brain suggested in explanation of his doubts and misgivings. When the brain was cool, and Mattie gone the next morning, suspicion and fear returned. He could find no argument to make him believe her parting words, "Now I will go and mind shop," nor could he see in the gaiety with which she spoke aught of dissimulation.

(To be continued.)

WHEN an undertaker gives a sick man good advice, and anxiously expresses a wish for his speedy recovery, we feel that the person who calls this an entirely cold and selfish world is a libeller.—*Whitehall Times*.



## Puck's Exchanges.

### WOMAN'S CURIOSITY.

AN INQUISITIVE FEMALE SEEKING INFORMATION UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

"John," said Mrs. Sanscript to her husband one evening last week, "I've been reading the paper." "That's nothin'," grunted John. "I've seen people before who read newspapers." "Yes; but there are several things in the paper I can't understand." "Then don't read 'em." "What do they mean about the strike, John? What is a strike, anyhow?" "A strike is where they have struck," and Sanscript knocked the ashes from his cigar. "I don't grasp your meaning exactly," said Mrs. S., with a puzzled look. "Now these strikers have stopped all the railroad trains in the country. Why did they do it?" "To prevent 'em from running." "Yes, but why didn't they want trains to run?" "Because they wanted more money for running them." "Do they pay more for stopping trains than for running them?" "No, you stupid woman." "Then why in the world did they stop 'em—why didn't they run more of 'em or run 'em faster? Seems to me that would pay better." "Mary Ann, you will never surround the problem." "Maybe not, John. Some things are gotten up purposely to bother women. Now, here's a column headed 'base ball.' What is base ball, John?" "Don't you know what base ball is? Happy woman! you have not lived in vain." "Here it says that 'the Hartfords could not collar Cummings's curves.' What under the sun are 'Cummings's curves'?" "It's the way he delivers the ball." "Is the ball chained?" "No, you booby." "Then how does he deliver it?" "I mean pitches it." "Oh! Now here it says, Jones muffed a ball after a hard run. What was the ball doing after a hard run?" "Haden't you better confine your research to the obituary and marriage columns, Mary, with an occasional advertisement thrown in to vary the monotony?" "Yes; but, John, I want to know! There's Mrs. Rackett, over the way, who goes to all the base-ball games, and comes home to talk me blind about 'fly fouls,' 'brace hits,' 'sky-scrappers,' and all those things. For heaven's sake, John, what is a 'sky-scraper'?" "Compose, yourself, old woman. You are treading on dangerous ground; your feet are on slippery rocks, while raging billows roll beneath." "Mercy on me! What do you mean?" "I mean, dear madam, that whenever a woman begins to pry about among the strikes, fair balls, base hits, daisy-cutters, home runs, and kindred subjects, she's in danger of being lost." "Well, I confess, I'm completely lost to know what this newspaper means when it says, 'Addy stole a base,' while the spectators applauded. Have we come to such a pass that society will applaud a theft? Why wasn't Addy arrested? Now here's Manning put out by start, assisted by Carcy, and I can't see that he did anything wrong either. Jemima Christopher! Here it says that 'Pike flew out.' I don't believe a word of it. I never saw a man fly yet, and I won't believe it can be done till I see it with my own eyes. John, what makes these newspaper men lie so horribly?"

John was asleep, and Mrs. Sanscript turned gloomily, not to say skeptically, to the letter list for information. Newspapers were not made for women.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

### HE UNDERSTOOD THE LANGUAGE.

Said a Main Street man to a German friend, who was complaining of not having anything to do:

"Why don't you form a class and teach German? Your friend Schmidt has a night-class, and he manages to make a few dollars in that way."

"Vat! dot leetle Schmidt vat writes at de Gorthouse?"

"Yes, the same."

"Vy, he don't can shpeak dot English language like me. Ven he say moole, he say moole; he don't can say moole like me; and when he say blay, he say blay; he don't can say blay like me."—*Memphis Avalanche*.

THE best dollar is the dollar of our par.—*San Francisco Mail*.

MORE advice to Ohio: Pull down your West.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

BOSTON has a Swett street, but it isn't on the brow of a hill.—*Commercial Advertiser*.

DOGS must have been valuable property in the days of the "Golden Fleas."—*Rockland Courier*.

BESSIE TURNER—"O heavens! it is, it is my long-lost brother. Somebody bring me a revolver."—*Rochester Democrat*.

LAGER-BEER has commenced to disappear in Japan. It disappears the same way as in Germany and America.—*Chicago Journal*.

DRESS-FRINGS are now covered with "madder." This makes a sort of delirium trimmings of them, you know.—*Commercial Advertiser*.

AN exchange publishes a "tough rat story," but fails to tell how it discovered the rat was tough, which leaves us in a quandary.—*Oil City Derrick*.

THE tramps are getting distributed again, and if they can't have bread or blood they are willing to take the white meat of a chicken.—*Boston Post*.

If you are going to slide down a plum-tree at this season of the year, you had better carry your pants in a bundle under your arm.—*Danbury News*.

THERE is an editor over in St. Louis who wears his scissors so tight, and uses them so much that he has bunions on his thumbs.—*Oil City Derrick*.

FIRST BLACK HUSSAR "Dost see yon foe-man advancing, comrade?" Second Black Hussar—"I dost." And they both dusted.—*New Orleans Times*.

A CHICAGO minister says it is wrong for any one man to save up \$100,000, but the warning comes six weeks too late to prevent us from wrong-doing.—*Rome Sentinel*.

A GERMAN dairymaid in Jefferson county fell head first into a tank of soft Sweitzer cheese last week. Here it is again. A woman in the case, as usual.—*Commercial Advertiser*.

FOR the small sum of 25 cents you can hire at almost any seaside resort a bathing-suit that will make the sad-eyed little fishes stand on their bald heads and weep.—*Worcester Press*.

It seems as though some sort of a monument ought to be erected to General Pearson. He isn't exactly dead, but that circumstance makes no particular difference in his case.—*Worcester Press*.

If you must 'sail a young lady, do it with a smack.—*Yonkers Gazette*. Yachtn't to suggest such a thing.—*St. Louis Journal*. He's a n'yum, n'yum scull to think of it.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

WHEN a Pike county, Pennsylvania, man is bitten by a rattle-snake, the condition of the snake five minutes afterwards is said to be the best temperance lecture ever delivered.—*Andrews's Bazar*.

WHISKEY is sold in Rome which will enable a blind man to see a sea-serpent two hundred feet long in the middle of a twenty-acre lot of dry sand, and yet people complain of dull times.—*Rome Sentinel*.

WHEN a Pearl Street girl wants to beat around the bush and send her young man home, she simply says: "Oh, George, sit down and make yourself at home. I am, and I wish you was too."—*Camden Post*.

ST. LOUIS could stand about a dozen more bank-suspensions. It has been a scandalous fact that in this city when a man was too poor to go into any other kind of business, he started a bank.—*Republican*.

A MAN may even think of his deceased grandmother and not be able to prevent the ludicrous of his nature from bubbling up and running over when he is sitting in a group for a picture.—*Oil City Derrick*.

IT'S the use of tobacco in large quantities that is injurious. Take for instance Mr. James Tucker, of Greyson county, Ky., who had a whole hog'shead of it fall on him and kill him the other day.—*Phil. Bulletin*.

IT is enough to bring tears to the eyes of a potato to see a Burlington man, on "lodge-night," brace himself up against the office-door and try to open a postal card to see what is in it, and who it's from.—*Hawkeye*.

EVERY shopkeeper who refuses to let his women-clerks sit down when they are not busy, deserves to be a bankrupt till doomsday, and then be made to stand on one leg, through all eternity.—*Cincinnati Commercial*.

FIRST reflection—"Really, I'll either have to quit alcoholic drinking, or stop my newspapers. Expenses must be curtailed." Second reflection—"Well, the newspapers don't amount to much anyhow!"—*Oil City Derrick*.

WHEN you kiss a Fulton girl, she half parts her rosy lips and moistens them with a gentle breath, and then silently presses them to yours, nor breaks the sweet bond until one of the party calls for a breathing spell.—*Fulton Times*.

THE statement that the coal-fields of the world will be exhausted in two thousand years brings no permanent solace to the man who has to carry the present daily supply for the family up three pair of stairs.—*Bridgeport Standard*.

YOUNG HODGE (in expectation of a copper)—"O I'll open the gate."

Young Lady on horseback—"You are a very civil lad. You don't come from these parts?"

Young Hodge—"Yow're a liar. I dew!"—*Punch*.

A NORTH CAROLINA man has invented a new spark-arrester, just as though the old man yelling down-stairs to the girl to come to bed, and asking if that sap-head intends to stay for breakfast, wasn't effective enough.—*Brookville Jeffersonian*.

A POEM called "Leonaine," purporting to have been written by Poe, has been started through the newspapers by a Western discoverer. If Poe did really write it, it is a consolation to think that he is dead.—*Boston Transcript*.

FASHIONS are but ephemeral. A certain idea, a style, pleases the popular fancy for a moment, then gives way to something else. Here but six months ago all the men were wearing Ulsters; now not one is seen on the streets.—*Phila. Bulletin*.

"A MAN is in earnest when his stripped and naked soul wades out in the boundless, shoreless, bottomless ocean of eternity," booms Talmadge, but the figure would have been more effective if he had added, "without his galoshes."—*Boston Post*.

A NEW song is entitled, "Darling, Kiss my Eyelids Down." And no young man is going to refuse to comply with such a delicious request as that. But the excuse that eyelids won't go shut without being kissed down, is rather gauzy.—*Norristown Herald*.

HE who most loudly condemns a newspaper for publishing personals about himself or family will sneak into a news-office, when he thinks no one is looking, buy half-a-dozen copies of the paper, mark the items and send them to out-of-town friends.—*Yonkers Gazette*.

BLOOD will tell. When a tramp refuses to eat his lunch on a door-step, without demanding a clean napkin to place under his chin, you can make up your mind that aristocratic blood has been obliged to demean itself only by force of circumstances.—*Whitehall Times*.

As a class ministers are a mild, passive people externally, but if you could see deep down in their heart of hearts, you would discover there a fierce, wild longing for a congregation who have conscience enough not to put lead five-cent pieces into the contribution-box.—*Fulton Times*.

A MAN is generally supposed to be in a pretty tight place when he is between the upper and nether millstones of an adverse fate; but if he knows himself he doesn't want to exchange places with a fellow who gets between a brick wall and a baby-carriage propelled by a determined woman.—*Worcester Review*.

IT was very careless leaving the parrot in the parlor Sunday evening, but she never thought anything about it until Monday morning, when he roused the whole house by making a smacking noise and crying, "Darling Susie, Darling Susie." He kept it up all day, too, and the old folks are much interested in the case.—*Rome Sentinel*.

"ATTACK in the rear," began Spicer, as he commenced reading the head lines of the war dispatches of the *Boston Herald*, and sat down heavily on a chair, from which he at once leaped up with an exclamation as if to get a closer view of the dispatch. "Can't help it if you have," said Mrs. S., who was on her knees, repairing a break in the straw-carpet. "Serves you right for not tacking down this torn place. Better look on the chairs before you sit down next time." Seth, who was busy pulling a dozen long carpet-tacks from the seat of his thin pantaloons, thought so too, and asked his wife if the arnica was in the table drawer or the upper cupboard.—*Boston Com. Bulletin*.

YOU'RE right, young man, there's no undisturbed rest this side of the grave. With us, now, the long day's work with the pen is ended, but yet our conscience bids us gird up our loins afresh and wander out in the world and try and find a man who wraps up a paper of tobacco as he found it, when he hands it back after he has begged a chew of you.—*Fulton Times*.

HE was a beginner in the newspaper work, and the editor, wanting to have some good Sunday reading, told him to fix up a column of "Serious Thoughts." The first serious thought evolved by the youngster was: "There is at times over a ton of power in the leg of a mule." This was followed by the equally serious thought that the same peculiarity was shared by the editor.—*Rome Sentinel*.

WE don't understand why it is that a constable with a search-warrant, looking for whiskey in a temperance town, can search for five days and never get a smell, while a dry and thirsty man in the same town steps out of his office, walks briskly away, and in three minutes is seen emerging from an adjacent alley, wiping his perspiring mouth with his cuffs.—*Burlington Burdette*.

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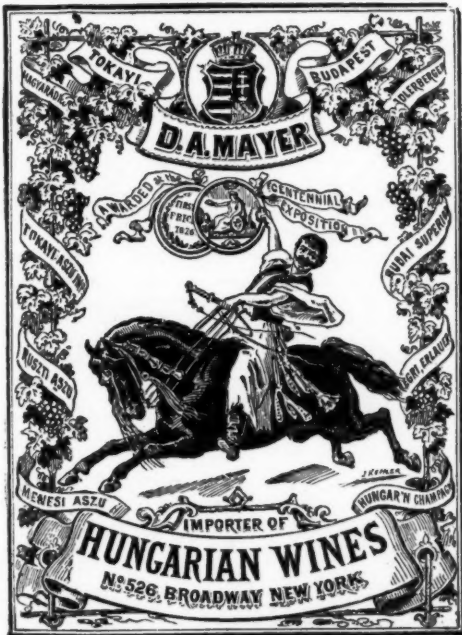
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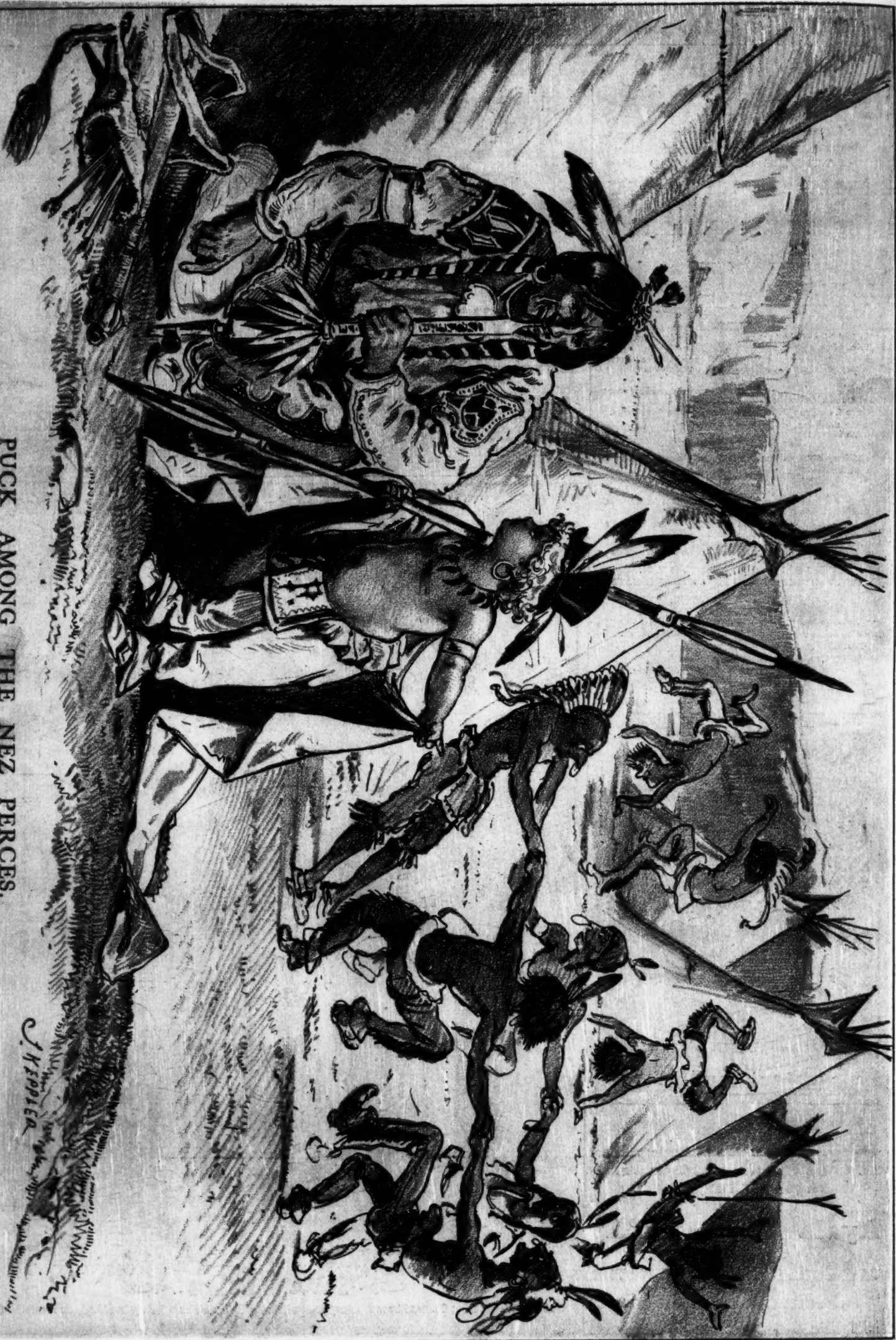
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### PUCK AMONG THE NEZ PERCES.

Puck : "Why is it, great Chief, that thy warriors thus rejoice?"

CHIEF JOSEPH : "Great Father make pale-face warrior Howard stay, fight! Red man heap glad!"